Roxbury, July 13, 1869.

My dear Henry:

Most gratified have I been to receive a letter from you dated at Northampton, and another dated at Conway; from which I learn where and how to direct a letter to you — information which, for some time past, I have much desired to obtain — all the more because I have not written to you since the terrible railroad disaster that befell you at the West, and your marvellous escape from death. Of course, I meant to have answered, without delay, your letter giving the particulars of the accident; but, failing to do so, I knew not where a reply at a later date would reach you, as you were like a bird on the wing. "But he will certainly be with us anniversary week," we all said, and then everything can be explained; but in this expectation we were disappointed. I only caught a glimpse of

you on Friday forenoon of that week, at the Free Religious Meeting in the Fremont Temple; you being on the platform, and I at the extreme end of the hall. As I had some errands to do, I did not remain till the services closed; but I certainly expected you would ~~did~~ come out to Rockledge, and spend some little time with us, before again entering the lecturing field. Till your recent letters came, ~~stating~~ that you made no tarry in Boston, we were wondering why you did not get out to us; but that is satisfactorily explained. I hope the explanation as to my silence will be equally satisfactory to you; for, be assured, I have felt very uneasy lest, possibly, by you that silence might have been construed to mean something like indifference or neglect. If any renewal of my warm personal regard for you, and high appreciation of your long continued labors in the cause of freedom, humanity, peace, temperance, and the like, were needed in

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set terms, I would fill the remainder of this sheet with expressions of my feelings towards you; but I ~~feel~~ am sure that no such iteration is needed.

It is late indeed to congratulate you upon your escape from having broken limbs, or been crushed by the concussion in the fearful plunging of your car from the track down the embankment; and yet I must do so, not only by the love I bear you, but in behalf of my dear wife and all our children. It was a thrilling description of the scene you sent us; and we could not help marvelling at the self-possession evinced by you in such a trying situation. That you should have almost immediately proceeded to carry out your lecturing engagements, notwithstanding the severe shock given to your system, surprised us most of all. It is quite probable that you will feel the effects of your fall to the end of your earthly career, especially in all sudden changes of the weather.

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It was satisfying to hear about your interview with Abner Forbes at Conway. I did not where, if living, he resided. How hard it is to believe that he is eighty-two years old! But the stream of time is steadily carrying us all onward, and we must not shrink from being classed among "the old folks." Forbes was of considerable service to the colored youth of Boston when a teacher in the Belknap-street school; but he had no hand in the formation of the New England Anti-Slavery Society, and no connection with the Liberator. He was somewhat eccentric in his manner of saying and doing things; but, nevertheless, a brave, outspoken friend of freedom.

Come to us whenever you can, whether to "repair damages," or for rest and social enjoyment. There is always a place for you at my table, and in my heart, and the latchstrings are ever on the outside of the door.

Yours, affectionately, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

H. C. Wright.